

HOW GALLANT BRITISH TOOK HILL 60

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

DRIVING THE GERMAN OUT OF AFRICA: BRITISH FORCES
ATTACK THE ENEMY'S OVERSEAS POSSESSIONS.



How touch is maintained with the advance force. The picture shows a helio station between headquarters and the flying column.



King's African Rifles in the trenches on the Tsaro River. News of the enemy's approach has been received.



The officers often go about barelegged.

Fighting is going on in various parts of Africa, and generally to the disadvantage of the enemy. These pictures were taken in the east of the continent, where Germany's possessions, though smaller in extent than those in the west, are the more flourishing and

better suited to development by white men. Her African colonies, however, are gradually vanishing, and another success by British troops, this time in the south-west, was officially announced yesterday.

ARE YOUR FURS SAFE — ?

From now onward, all through the Summer, there is a continual and ever-increasing menace of

MOTH.

For those who wish to store their Furs at home, there is no safer, more reliable, or more convenient method than the Portable

Mothorra FUR SAFE

(Patented)

Price

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It has solid lining of pure black carbon. Thus the contents are entirely surrounded by a substance absolutely moth-proof. The outer case is of metal-bound wood, with strong brass lock.

Size, 20in. long, 15in. wide **3/11**
6in. deep ...
Large trunk size, 30in. long, **7/6**
29in. wide, 2in. deep ...

DERRY & TOMS, Kensington, W.

**DERRY
& TOMS**
HIGH STREET
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"Delightful—
I never saw
anything so
artistic, so in-
viting—or such value!"

That is exactly what you will say when you see the new Berkeley Loose Cover Easy Chair Models. The remarkable value of these chairs is only possible by reason of the fact that we manufacture them entirely in our own factories in huge quantities, and sell direct to the public.

The Chairs are soundly constructed on strong birchwood frames, well upholstered, covered in a green casement cloth, and fitted with Loose Washable Slip-Over Cover in cretonne. These covers are in the most charming colourings and designs, and you select from patterns sent post free. As a supreme guarantee every

Berkeley

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY BACK PRINCIPLE

Choose your covering from our samples (sent free), and then send 2/6 only with your order. We send the Chair without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, for your approval, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

DRAWING ROOM or BEDROOM EASY CHAIR (as illustrated above). Delight in appearance, spring stuffed and thoroughly upholstered, covered in Casement Cloth and fitted with loose cover.

27/6 2/6 with order and balance & monthly.

FREE Send postcard to-day for patterns of Coverings, and full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, Ltd.,
Dept. M, 70-78, Old Kent Road, London.
New West-End Showrooms:
155, Victoria Street,
Westminster.

Invalids Dyspeptics and the Aged

The Importance of Suitable Food.

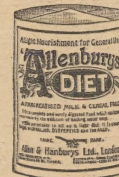
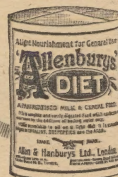
To maintain health, Digestion, Absorption and Assimilation must proceed in a regular manner. When these processes become deranged, Dyspepsia and other Gastric Disorders result, causing pain and much discomfort to the sufferer. Errors in diet contribute in a special manner to these disturbances. The selection of suitable food then becomes a most important matter. For Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged the 'Allenburys' DIET furnishes a complete food, which is palatable, easily digested, and wholly nourishing. It increases the power of assimilation, making it possible for other articles of food to be taken.

The Allenburys' DIET

Made immediately by adding boiling water only.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is a concentrated nutrient of exceptional merit, that can be taken for prolonged periods without any distaste arising. It is composed of pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. Unlike the usual invalids' foods it does

not require cow's milk to be used in its preparation, being instantly made ready for use by the simple addition of boiling water only. This distinct advantage is of immense service in the work of a busy hospital or understaffed sick-room.



In Tins at 1/6, 3/- and 6/- each. Of all Chemists.

A Large Sample sent free on request.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
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ESTABLISHED 1715.

TRADE MARK.
A.D. 1715.

DO YOU WANT £1 a WEEK?

Industrious people can secure profitable home work on **Auto-Knitters** by knitting War Socks. Experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Write for prospectus containing full particulars, and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 54), 50 & 52, Balby Street, LEICESTER.

THE BEST VALUE.

A DOCTOR'S ADVICE,

... and it would be a good thing to advise people to get a larger share of body-building material from the chief kinds of fish, cheese, and skimmed milk, and simply eat less meat.

This advice was given at a food conference at the Institute of Hygiene recently by Dr. Robert Hutchinson, of the London Hospital.

The nourishing and sustaining qualities of cheese are everywhere acknowledged. Food experts strongly urge that it should be eaten in larger quantities.

One pound of cheese contains as much nourishment as three pounds of beef, and it is superior in food value to fish and eggs.

There are, however, many people who find ordinary cheese indigestible. They should eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is very easy to digest.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is delicious, soft, and of a delicate creamy consistency, with the flavour of a mild, perfect cheddar.

The price has not been increased, owing to the war, as in the case of most cheese. It can be obtained from leading grocers and dairymen everywhere at the usual price of 6d. each. (Advt.)

LUNTIN MIXTURE.



A BLEND
OF THE
FINEST
TOBACCOS.

6d. PER OUNCE. 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

LUNTIN

MEDIUM CIGARETTES.

10 for 3d. 100 for 2/6.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Manufacturers, Edinburgh.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS IN A NEW COMEDY.

HOME LIFE AS A SCIENCE.



André found asleep in the passage.



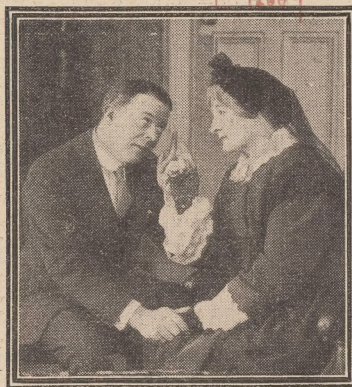
Miss Ellaline Terris as Hélène.



Flour under the microscope.



Is the milk all right?



André and Mme. de Treville.

A new light comedy called "Wild Thyme" has been successfully produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Comedy Theatre. The piece had previously been staged in Paris. Mr. Hicks appears as André, while Miss Mary Rorke plays the part of Mme. de Treville.



Washing up is really an art in itself.

Domestic science is taught to women at King's College, and degrees are granted in this subject. But surely the graduates will not be called bachelors?

BARONET KILLED.

THE WAR THROUGH CHILDREN'S EYES.

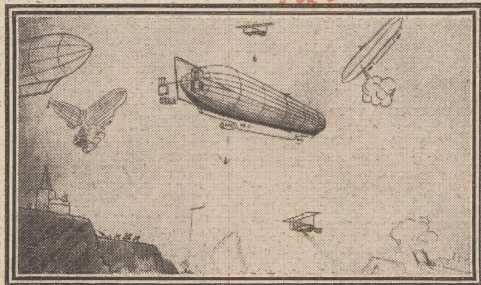
FOILED TURKS' DESIGN.



Lieutenant Sir Roland Corbet, Bart. (Coldstream Guards), who has been killed in action. The Coldstreams have had some very heavy losses among officers during the campaign. — (Lafayette.)

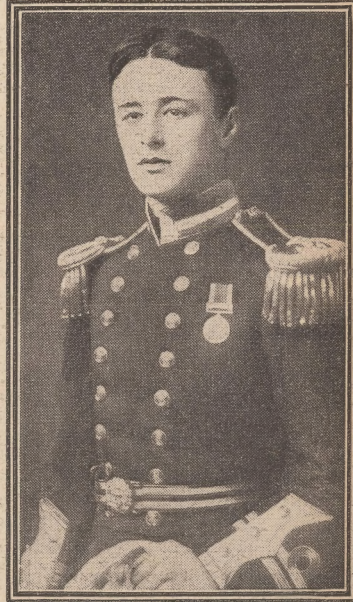


An action at sea, by Rex Whistler.



A Zeppelin attack, by Reggie Duclaire.

War drawings by children are on exhibition at St. James's Vestry Hall, Piccadilly. Reggie Duclaire is a little cripple in Sir William Treloar's home. The pictures shown are by boys of ten, though some of the artists are only two years old. — (Daily Mirror photograph.)



Lieutenant-Commander Eric Robertson, the leader of the party of volunteers who destroyed the submarine E 15 to prevent the Turks securing her in a serviceable condition. — (Lafayette.)

"REPOSE TOGETHER IN YOUR GRAVE."

Baron de Reuter's Pathetic Letter
to Spirit of His "Dear Wife."

TO BE PUT IN HER COFFIN.

"My Darling Edith,—Life without you is unsupportable, and the loss of your cherished companionship and tender devotion has shattered my being.
"Death shall not separate us; we shall repose together in your grave, and thus perpetuate an affectionate union. Farewell, sweet spirit."

Such was the pathetic letter written to his dead wife by Baron Herbert de Reuter, who was found shot, with a revolver by his side, in the summer-house of his residence at Reigate on Sunday.

He had been deeply grieved by the sudden death of his wife, whose body still lies in the house awaiting interment. The letter, he directed, was to be buried with her.

At the inquest, held yesterday at the house of the dead Baron at Reigate, a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

The touching letter quoted above was enclosed in another written to Walter Mark Flint, the Baron's gardener, who found him dead in the summer-house.

"HIS HIDEOUS TASK."

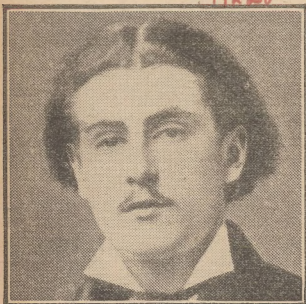
This letter was as follows:—

My Dear Flint,—Now that the undertaker has accomplished his hideous task and withdrawn the remains of my dear wife for ever from my eyes, life has become an insupportable burden.

Please arrange to have me buried in my dear wife's grave, and have the accompanying letter to the spirit of my dear wife placed in her coffin.

Giving evidence at the inquest, Mr. Flint said the Baron was very depressed when he arrived the morning after his wife's death.

He seemed brighter on the Saturday, but when the coffin was closed down on Sunday he



Baron de Reuter as he was in 1872. No photograph of him is believed to have been taken since then.

was again very distressed and remained in the room with his wife's body for two hours.

When witness told him the undertaker had arrived, he waved him aside and began to sob.

As the Baron did not come in to tea, witness made a search. The Baron's dog came up to him and went straight to the summer-house.

Witness went in and saw the Baron sitting in a chair quite dead. A revolver was lying under his hand.

"ALL THAT IS OF MOMENT."

Walter Francis Bradshaw, secretary to the Reuter Telegram Company, said he saw the Baron last Thursday for the last time.

His wife died the same day, but he did not get the news until he left the office.

Witness read a letter which he received on Friday morning at the office. It was as follows:—

My dear wife has passed away and with her all that is of any moment.—Yours very truly, Herbert de Reuter.

"That showed great oppression of mind," added witness. "It was a revelation, because he was not a man of that kind. He was not a man of sentiment or emotional at all."

Dr. Walters, who attended the Baroness during her last illness, spoke to the anxiety which the Baron manifested.

The Baron, he said, remarked to him, "You know, after my wife dies my life is finished. There is no more interest in life to me at all." The Baron was quite an altered man after his wife's death.

Witness said the bullet had passed right through the head at the right temple, and death had been instantaneous.

HUGE SECRET SERVICE VOTE.

Exceptionally large provision is made for secret service in the Civil Service Estimates for 1915-16.

Last year the sum voted was £50,000. This year the sum required is £150,000!

The total estimates amount to £59,017,468, which is an increase of £1,951,652 on the original estimates of last year.

A sum of £250,000 is included for works for relief of unemployment, to be expended only in the event of serious unemployment arising in the building trade as the war goes on.

A KHAKI EPSOM.

Thousands of Sun-Tanned Tommies
Enjoy the Spring Meeting.

PEEPS FROM SICK BEDS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

EPSOM, April 20.—A khaki Epsom—one vast crowd of healthy, sun-tanned, uniformed figures stretching from the grand stand almost to Tottenham Corner Railway Station—such was the wonderful picture at the opening of the Spring Meeting here to-day.

Standing on the hill overlooking the course and the green, rolling downs, one might almost have been overlooking a battlefield, judging by the huge army of Tommies in the stands and by the rails. And a very formidable army, too—high-spirited youngsters of the Public Schools Corps for the most part, as fit and hard as nails.

Just before the first race the men came trooping across the downs from their camp. There were thousands of them. "Quite enough of us men," said one man, as he ran along the grass.

High up in the grand stand was a little group of wounded soldiers, just back from the front, who, despite bandaged heads and arms, took the keenest interest in the racing. They were, of course, provided with free seats.

In the big white building at the back of the grand stand, which has now been turned over to a hospital for the eighty wounded "Tommies" are accommodated. Many of the invalids, while lying in bed, were able to watch the busy scene below them.

I had a walk through the wards. "Sleep—think of the great things we enjoy just now," said one wounded private to me. "It is great luck being here—through the window I can watch the racing just as well as if I were on the course."

'TOUCH-ME-NOT' KENNELS

Boxes That Save Tiny Dogs from Over-feeding by Visitors at Shows.

Griffons Bruxellois—the tiny little Belgian dogs—are daily becoming more popular, but, owing to the war, they are not fetching such high prices as they did.

This statement was made to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by an official at the Horticultural Hall, at the championship joint show.

Most of the Belgian doggies had bows of the Belgian colours, and the smallest of these was Brownie, a shivering little mite, who only weighed 3lb.

Yesterday was the day of Brownie's first public appearance, and he wore a little sax-blue coat braided and edged with gold silk and had a tiny collar and bell.

Some Griffons have cages lined with yellow silk and with daffodils arranged in bows of silk of the Belgian colours.

Women are supposed to be the most absurd over dogs, but *The Daily Mirror* heard several men talking through the cages in this style to small dogs: "Dear little girlie, cheer up little girlie!" and "Poor darling dinky doggie!"

"Touch-me-not" boxes, made of metal with glass fronts and roofs, perforated for ventilation purposes, are used at dog shows for tiny dogs, so that the visitors cannot upset them by too many friendly pats.

Many of the French bull-dogs wore red, white and blue collars.

TWO MEN SHOT BY SENTRIES.

Further details are now to hand of the incident at Fort Augustus, Inverness-shire, when two civilians were fired at and wounded by two sentries belonging to the National Reserve.

The two men—Alexander Macdonald, of the steamer Lochness, and Donald Cameron, of the tugboat Scot—were making their way about two o'clock on Sunday morning to the steamer, which was moored to the pier in Lochness.

On arriving at the bridge they were challenged by the guard. Some argument arose.

One of the civilians, it is stated, made a dash for the guard, who had previously fired in the air, and then fired low a second time.

Macdonald was hit in the leg and so was Cameron.

Macdonald has since died from his injuries. Cameron's injuries are slight.

The Procurator Fiscal for Inverness-shire and the military authorities are making investigations into the matter.

TURKISH ATTACK ON TRANSPORT.

AMSTERDAM, April 20.—An official communiqué from Constantinople states:—

A Turkish torpedo-boat, on the 17th inst., successfully attacked the British transport Manitou in the Aegean Sea.

The torpedo-boat was pursued by British cruisers and destroyers to Chios where the crew blew up the vessel lest it should fall into the enemy's hands.

The crew were received kindly by the Greek authorities.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, April 20.—Hamburg and Bremen papers, commenting on the scheme of the Allied Governments to seize all German ships interned in French or British harbours, urge the German Government to warn France and England that if the scheme is carried out all French and British ships interned in German harbours will be at once destroyed.—Exchange.

NAUGHTY MARY ANN.

Morning's Work Delayed by Her
Eagerness To Read Newspapers,
STORE OF 'SUNDAY PICTORIALS'

A new grievance has been raised against the domestic servant.

A Lynx-eyed mistress has discovered that Mary Ann has recently developed the habit of using precious moments in the morning by reading the newspapers.

This novel indictment is brought by a housewife living in Rodenhurst-road, Clapham Park, S.W.

"For some time past," she writes, "I have noticed the increasing slowness with which my maid has been getting through her morning's work."

"At last I have discovered the cause. On going into the kitchen somewhat unexpectedly after breakfast yesterday I found her reading a morning newspaper!"

Later in the day when she had a few hours of respite in her bedroom, where, to my amazement, I found several old copies of the *Sunday Pictorial* carefully stowed away.

"I have no objection to my maid reading the newspapers, but surely it is monstrous that the work of the house should be held up until the domestic duties are digested and new ones are piled on top. I know you take an interest in everything that concerns the home, perhaps some of your readers will tell me, through the medium of your popular paper, whether they have had similar experiences with their girls."

The manageress of a domestic agency in Belgrave told *The Daily Mirror* that she had heard of no previous complaint of this description. "Most girls, I thought, preferred novelettes to newspapers," said the manageress.

"It is quite likely, however, since the present generation of girls is better educated than the past generation that their tastes for reading have materially changed."

"It must be remembered that thousands of these young women have brothers or sweethearts at the front, and it is not surprising that they should read the papers in the hope of getting news of them or of seeing their portraits."

CHARGED IN SECRET.

Recorder's Address in Camera to Grand Jury in Regard to Spy Trial.

The grand jury at the Old Bailey yesterday were charged by the Recorder (Sir Forrest Fulton) not in open court as usual, but strictly in private.

The reason for so doing was that the grand jury had to deal with the case of Mullen and Hahn, two of the three men who are indicted on charges of espionage and who are to be tried in camera before the Lord Chief Justice next Tuesday in the High Court.

So strict was the order of the Recorder that the only persons present were the grand jury and the Clerk of the Court. Not even the ushers were permitted to remain.

The Recorder commenced to address the Grand Jury about 10.30, and they retired to consider the depositions at 11.10. This was not the only case that had to do with spies, but they returned in about ten minutes with their finding in the spy case. It is understood that a "true bill" was returned.

The accused persons are indicted for having communicated, or tried to communicate, naval and military information to the enemy. It is alleged that invisible ink was used.

A true bill was returned last sessions against Kueperle. On that occasion the grand jury were charged in camera on a separate day.

The Attorney-General and Mr. A. H. Bodkin will appear for the Crown at the trial. All connected with the case will be sworn to secrecy.

EARL'S DAUGHTER AT THE FRONT.

Lady Dorothea Felding, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, who is driving a motor-car at the front in connection with the Munro Volunteer Field Ambulance, is making an appeal for financial assistance towards the purchase of an ambulance car.

She has been at the front since September, and says in her appeal:—"We have been fortunate enough to help in carrying some thousands of wounded soldiers to the field hospitals."

These men are mostly Belgians, though on many occasions we have worked for French and British.

"The roads are terrible, and the strain on the ambulance tremendous, with the result that we have been obliged, in view of the heavy work before us, to try and replace nearly all our cars by new ones. Our work out here is increasing daily."

ESCAPE BY THIRD OF AN INCH.

CAIRO, April 19 (delayed).—The trial of Khalil, the would-be assassin of the Sultan, before the special military court began here to-day.

The master of the ceremonies, giving evidence, said that if the bullet had been a third of an inch higher or lower it would have hit the Sultan in the arm or the body.

Prisoner manifested an attitude of complete indifference throughout. He laughed when the master of the ceremonies described the shooting.

A doctor stated that he examined Khalil and considered he was subject to nervous disturbance, and was irresponsible for his actions. Prisoner told him that if he were set at liberty he would do the same thing again. The Court adjourned till to-morrow.—Reuter.

PROPOSED AFTER A WEEK.

Miss Pegler's Story in Dead Brides
Case of How She Met Smith.

"WEPT IN THE OFFICE."

Miss Pegler gave evidence in the dead brides' case yesterday, when the hearing was resumed before Sir John Dickinson, at Bow-street.

The accused man, George Smith, forty-three, described as independent, is alleged to have married six women, and is charged with murdering three of them in their baths. They were:—

Beatrice Constance Annie Mundy, at Heme Bay, on July 13, 1912.
Alice Burnham, at Blackpool, December 12, 1913.

Margaret Elizabeth Loft, at Bismarck-road, Highgate, on December 18, 1914.

Herbert Rows produced the executor's affidavit purporting to be sworn by Henry Williams, on August 20, 1912, with respect to the will of Bessie Constance Annie Williams.

The net amount of the estate on which duty was paid was £2,971 13s. 8d.

Mr. Philip de Vere Annesley, solicitor, of High-street, Heme Bay, said that on August 8 Mr. and Mrs. Williams called and signed the



Miss Pegler.

engrossed copies of two wills. When prisoner saw him on July 17 he told witness his wife had been found dead in a bath, and that an inquest had been held.

"He appeared very agitated in my office," said witness; "in fact, he wept."

The hearing was adjourned until to-day.

STORY OF MANY MOVES.

Mabel Edith Pegler, who now lives with her mother at Ashley Down-road, Bristol, said that in June, 1900, while living in Gloucester-road, Bristol, she advertised for a situation and received a reply from an address in the same road, almost opposite her own home. She called and saw a man who gave the name of Smith.

Counsel: Is that the prisoner?—Yes. Witness added that the place was an antique shop, and she was engaged as a servant, living in.

After a time the prisoner said to her that he would like to settle down and marry her.

"How long had you been there?—About a week, as far as I can remember."

The witness said that she agreed to the proposal, and they were married on July 13 at St. Peter's Register Office.

At that address, said witness, they stayed about seven months, then they went to Bedford to find a house or shop, but failed to find one and went to Luton.

SHOP AT CROYDON.

They lived at Luton a few weeks and they had an antique shop at Croydon and stayed there for three months.

Then witness went to stay with her mother and later she rejoined him at Southend. Then, according to witness, accused's movements were as follows:—

Second hand clothing shop opened by prisoner in Southend house for two or three months. Antique shop at Bristol from end of July to September.

From July to September prisoner was absent from her about five weeks. He told her he had met a young fellow who used to know him in London and who was interested in antiques. They used, he said, to go about the country together.

They left Bristol and went to Southend, where they took an antique and old-fashioned jewellery shop. They were empty shops.

They remained three or four months at the shop, till the early part of 1911. They removed to Barking-road, and afterwards to Waltham-stow, Bath, Broomhedge, and then to Bristol.

After they had been at the Bristol shop for about five or six weeks prisoner said he wanted to go round the country dealing.

She saw him again after some months' absence. He told her he had been to Canada, and had bought some Chinese ornaments and had brought them to London and sold them for £1,000.

In August, 1913, he went to Weston-super-Mare, but after two months returned to Bristol.

When she saw accused again he said he had just come from Spain, and there met a young gentleman from London. They bought a lot of old-fashioned jewellery.

Witness had no knowledge of accused having taken the name of Lloyd or married a woman named Loft at Bath.

HOW BRITISH CAPTURED HILL 60 AFTER FERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT

Sir John French Praises the "Great Gallantry" of Infantry.

ENEMY DRIVEN OFF WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS.

"Our Losses Very Heavy"—Foe Were Caught in Close Order by Machine Guns.

WARSHIPS RESUME SHELLING OF BELGIAN COAST.

"Our losses were very heavy, but the Germans suffered still more severely."

These are the words of Sir John French, whose bi-weekly dispatch, issued yesterday, on the capture of Hill 60, near Ypres, tells a thrilling story of British heroism and undaunted courage.

After exploding a mine under the hill the British launched their attack.

So swift was the blow that the Germans were routed from the whole of their trenches on the hill.

British ships have resumed the bombardment of the Belgian coast, German positions near Middelkerke and Ostend being shelled.

Fighting along the Yser is becoming more severe and trains full of wounded are arriving by day and night at Bruges.

According to a telegram from Basle, says the Central News, the German Emperor, after the loss of the Hartmannswillerkopf, paid a personal visit to the headquarters in that district, with the object of reviving the moral of the Prussian Guards, who had been greatly shaken by their heavy fighting in the Vosges region.

HOW KHAKI WAVE SWEEP OVER HILL 60.

Sir John French Reports Very Heavy Losses—Enemy's Still Greater.

Sir John French's bi-weekly report, dated Monday and issued yesterday, is as follows:—

The improvement in the weather since my last report has resulted in an increase in the activity of both our own and the enemy's air service.

As usual, the advantage in the exchanges has been with us. In the Ypres district four hostile aeroplanes have been brought down in the last three days, two by us and two by the French.

One of our airmen on Sunday engaged and drove off three hostile aeroplanes, completing subsequently the reconnaissance on which he was engaged.

Early on Thursday morning the enemy shelled our trenches near St. Eloi heavily and exploded a mine, which injured some of our parapets.

THREE MINES QUITE HARMLESS.

No attack followed, and the damage was promptly repaired. On Friday the enemy exploded three mines in the La Bassée district which were quite harmless.

On Saturday evening we exploded a mine under Hill 60 on the Ypres-Comines railway, just west of Zwarteleen.

This was immediately followed by an attack which gained possession of the whole of the enemy's trenches on the hill.

The enemy suffered heavily from the explosion, and we took two officers and fifteen men prisoners.

In spite of a heavy bombardment, which caused many casualties, the trenches captured were put in a state of defence during the night. The enemy renewed the bombardment towards morning, and followed this at 6.30 a.m. with a determined counter-attack.

This attack was pressed home, and stiff hand-to-hand fighting ensued.

Our infantry, fighting with great gallantry and determination and well supported by the artillery, drove off the enemy with complete success.

Our losses were very heavy, but the Germans suffered still more severely, particularly from our machine guns, which caught them in close order in the open.

Throughout Saturday the enemy repeatedly renewed his attacks, making desperate efforts to regain the position, which is of great importance.

GERMAN WORD BROKEN AGAIN.

At one time he succeeded in gaining a footing on the southern slopes of the hill, but was promptly driven back again.

At nightfall the whole hill was in our hands and the ground gained had been consolidated. This (Monday) morning the enemy's attacks had ceased, but he continued to bombard the hill. In the later fighting two more officers and

thirty men were captured, making a total of four officers and forty-five men.

The statement in a recent German official communiqué that we had been using asphyxiating gases in the Ypres district is false, and was doubtless made to justify the use of these gases, which have been freely employed by the enemy in his attacks on Hill 60. Germany signed the clause in The Hague Convention eliminating the use of asphyxiating gas.

"LIVELY" GUN DUELS.

PARIS, April 20.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There is nothing to add to yesterday evening's communiqué as far as operations in Lorraine and the Vosges are concerned.

On the rest of the front there have been particularly lively artillery actions in the Soisson district, in the Rheims sector and in the Argonne.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, April 20.—From Bruges the *Telegraaf* learns that in the last few days British ships have several times bombarded the German positions near Middelkerke and Ostend.

LITTLE WILLIE LOSES HIS PLACE IN THE SUN.

German Officer's Diary Records How British Wounded Were Beaten to Death.

"The wholesale distribution of Iron Crosses, it appears, has caused the decoration to be despised by the fighting troops."

Thus writes "Eye-Witness" in his latest account from the front, which was issued last night.

One German prisoner, he says, stated that the Iron Cross was given as a matter of course to regimental sergeant-majors and to favoured deadheads "on the lines of communication who had never even heard the sound of a bullet, and that 30,000 had been distributed before the fall of Liege.

The Kaiser and Hindenburg are still popular heroes, but the Crown Prince has lost caste.

"BEATEN TO DEATH."

Terrible details of the treatment of wounded are given by "Eye-Witness"—

In view of the false accusations which have recently appeared in the enemy newspapers regarding the conduct of the British at Neuve Chapelle, to which allusion has already been made—the following extract from the diary of a German officer, dated December 19, 1914, descriptive of the conduct of his own men on a former occasion, is of more than ordinary interest:—

The sight of the trenches and the fury—not to say the bestiality—of our men in beating to death the wounded English affected me so much that for the rest of the day I was fit for nothing.

BRUTALITY OF THE FOE.

The writer of this was in the 13th Regiment, 13th Division of the Fifth German Corps.

His testimony as to the brutality of our enemy is borne out by the evidence of our own men on numerous occasions, notably at Neuve Chapelle, where several of our wounded temporarily left behind were subsequently found bayoneted or with their brains blown out.

Another extract from a letter referring to this same fight on December 19 mentions that some of the English, being surrounded, surrendered, after a most gallant resistance.

The writer adds: "But they got mercy! The rifle-bullets we turned round and we went for them and made the sparks fly. Prisoners were not taken."

ITALY FIXES TIME LIMIT?

PARIS, April 20.—The *Figaro* states, under reserve, this day is the last day in which Italy will be prepared to receive offers of concessions from Austria.

Prince von Buelow, states the *Figaro*, was received at the Vatican some days ago, and persons in the entourage of the Pope assert that the Prince came on a farewell visit. These same persons say that war is inevitable and imminent.—Reuter.

AUSTRIA SEEKING PEACE WITH RUSSIA?

Marshal von Hindenburg Said To Be in Disgrace for Warsaw Failure.

PARIS, April 20.—The *Matin's* Rome correspondent says:—"Government circles begin to be preoccupied with the reports regarding a separate peace between Austria and Russia."

In high administrative circles of the Empire, and even in certain political circles, the impression now prevails that a continuation of the struggle is futile, that Austria is in a state of latent dissolution, and that the only possible way out consists in saving what can still be saved by a speedy cessation of hostilities.—Reuter.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

PARIS, April 20.—The *Information* publishes a special dispatch from Petrograd stating that the military critic of the *Novoe Vremya* asserts that Marshal von Hindenburg is in disgrace owing to his failure to enter Warsaw, and that he would have been sent back to Berlin by the General Staff but for the intervention of the Kaiser, who asked that the marshal be given another chance to redeem himself.—Exchange.

AT POINT OF BAYONET.

PETROGRAD, April 20.—The following communiqué was issued to-day by the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief:—

On Sunday we repulsed by our fire and with hand grenades attacks by the enemy on our positions east of Telepocz and Polen. "In the direction of Stryi a hostile attack against a height near Oravczak was at first successful, but in the evening our troops delivered a counter-attack and recaptured the height after an obstinate fight. We took prisoners, the exact number of whom will shortly be known."

This was immediately followed by a bayonet attack by our infantry, who carried the position. We captured about a hundred Germans, four machine guns and a trench mortar.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS IN THE CAUCASUS.

PETROGRAD, April 19.—The General Staff of the Army of the Caucasus communicates the following:—

On Saturday the cannonade continued in the direction of the coast. The Russian troops in the direction of Artvine are progressing to the south with success. On the other parts of the front there were no engagements.—Reuter.

BRITISH TORPEDO E 15 DESPITE 200 SHELLS.

Our Stranded Submarine Rendered Useless by Daring Volunteers in Picket Boats.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

The submarine E 15, which grounded on Kephaz Point last Saturday, appears to have been in danger of falling into the enemy's hands in a servicable condition, and great efforts were made by the Turks to secure her.

Attempts to destroy her by the long range fire of battleships failed.

During the night of the 13th two picket boats, that of H.M.S. *Triumph* under Lieutenant-Commander Eric Robinson, who commanded the expedition, assisted by Lieutenant Arthur Brooke Webb, R.N.R., and Midshipman John Woolley, and that of H.M.S. *Majestic* under Lieutenant Claude Godwin, both manned by volunteer crews, attacked the submarine.

The boats were subjected to a very heavy fire, estimated at over 200 rounds, from fort No. 8, which was only a few hundred yards distant, and a number of smaller guns at short range. Notwithstanding this the submarine was torpedoed and rendered useless.

The *Majestic's* picket boat was holed and sunk, but the crew were saved by the other boat, and the only casualty was one man who died of his wounds.

Lieutenant-Commander Eric Robinson has been promoted Commander by the Admiralty, and a report has been called for on the individual services of the other officers and men, with a view to their recognition.



Belgian soldier with a roll of wire. He is about to make an entanglement on the banks of the Yser.

MR. ASQUITH'S CALL TO NATION'S WORKERS.

Prime Minister's Appeal for Suspension of Trade Union Rules During the War.

NO CONSCRIPTION COMING.

Men.—This is a war not only of men, but of material. No fewer than 217,000 miners have enlisted—20 per cent. of the total number. Workers can rival the patriotism of men who have gone to the front by doing regular work and increasing the output.

Munitions.—Operations at the front are not being crippled by lack of supplies or slackness of worker at home. The present urgency is due to the unprecedented rate at which ammunition is being used, to the shortage of labour caused by recruiting, and to the multiplication of machinery.

Sacrifices.—Employer, employed and taxpayer are asked to make sacrifices as their contribution to the war burden. There must be give and take among the employers by limitation of profits; among men by temporarily suspending trade union restrictions, and by the taxpayer in having to pay compensation for reasonable injury or loss.

Such were the chief points of an important speech by Mr. Asquith last night at Newcastle, when he sounded a rousing call to the workers of the North-East Coast.

The Prime Minister spoke to a gathering of over 5,000 persons in the Palace Theatre, Newcastle, in fulfilment of his promise to address the men who had sworn "to deliver the goods."

SUPPLIES NOT CRIPPLED.

Enormous crowds cheered Mr. Asquith on his arrival at Newcastle yesterday with Mrs. Asquith and the Misses Violet and Elizabeth Asquith.

In voicing his appeal to the workers, Mr. Asquith said: "I have not come here as the mouthpiece either of apology or panic. There is no ground for one or the other."

"I am not here," he proceeded, "to plead the Premier, 'to allege remissness. Never has there been better equipment. I saw the statement recently made that our work was being crippled at the front by lack of supplies."

"There is not a word of truth in that statement," (Loud cheers.) "If it were true it would discourage our Allies and encourage our enemies."

MORE MUNITIONS ESSENTIAL.

Sacrifices were called for from employer, employed and taxpayer alike, and he believed, said the Premier, that all these were willing to make sacrifices as their contribution to the burden of the war. (Cheers.)

These sacrifices were:—

Limitation of profits; Temporary suspension of restrictive rules and customs; Provision of reasonable compensation in cases of proved injury or loss.

As to profits, we should all agree that those who were supplying the State with munitions of war should not be entitled to undue profit. He believed that the trade unions were justified in their restrictions, and they might be sure that they were not prejudicing their interests by temporarily waiving or suspending their rules.

Mr. Asquith said that as to compensation, he wanted to make it clear that firms suffering by transfer of labour or inability to carry out civil contracts should, in their judgment, receive prompt and adequate consideration.

"There is not," added the Premier, "a military or naval expert who does not say that a rapid increase of munitions is most essential. It is there that every industrial area can give its best."

"I state my own conviction," said the Premier, "when I say that once the productive factories are organised and mobilised all will be well. I remember your message: 'Masters and men together will deliver the goods.' That is what we ask you to do."

NO CONSCRIPTION.

There will be no conscription in Britain.

In reply to Mr. Ticker in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Lloyd George, who replied for the Premier, said: "The Government are not of opinion that there is any ground for believing that the war will be more successfully prosecuted by means of conscription." (Cheers.)

Then Mr. Ticker asked: "Are the Government quite satisfied with the rate of recruiting, and do they consider the present Army will be able to beat the Germans?" (Ironical cheers.)

In reply, Mr. Lloyd George said that the Secretary for War was very gratified with the response for volunteers. (Cheers.)

Mr. Tennant said Sir William Byles that Sir John French's Neuve Chapelle dispatch was published in its entirety.

He asked why, when it only took Lord Kitchener three days to fill up the ranks which were depleted, it took the War Office a month to let the public know.

Mr. Tennant: Surely, sir, it is better to act quickly than to speak quickly. (Loud laughter.)

COMPARE COST

and QUALITY, too! You will then buy only

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

BRITISH-MADE from Choicest
NUTS and MILK,

Popularly
priced as

1/- DOUBLE
WEIGHT,

which means **6^{D.}** FOR 1-LB.

The One Perfect Substitute
for Butter.

THE VERY BEST.
ONE QUALITY ONLY:

MAYPOLE TEA

The
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Pay
More?

In 2oz., $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and 1lb. Sealed Packets.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.

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THE LARGEST RETAILERS.
849 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.



Model 8626. Cleverly designed new model with elastic hip gores. Sizes 20 to 30ins. Price **25/9**
Model 8723. An exquisite model with the new height of bust. Sizes 20 to 30ins. In White Coutil. Price **25/9**
Model 8822. This season's newest design, correct height of bust. Sizes 20 to 30ins. Price **16/11**

The above models are to be obtained **ONLY** from Peter Robinson's.

ROYAL WORCESTER

Kidfitting Corsets.

Many exclusive models of Royal Worcester Kidfitting Corsets are now to be seen at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, who hold the largest stock of these celebrated corsets in Europe. Every Royal Worcester Corset is designed in collaboration with the foremost couturiers of Paris, and is in accord with the new styles of dress as well as the rules of health and figure-preservation.

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You Need Not Lose Your Hair.

LADIES! Do not waste your hair comings—save them. No matter how dusty they are send them to us and we will press and make into a beautiful glossy tail for 2/- . Think what this means to you for so little trouble and at so little cost. If you have no comings let us send you one of our special tails 16in. long for 2/6. We are hair specialists and for a limited period only we make the following unique offer as an advertisement. A beautiful ready made tail 20in. long for 5/- (pale and grey shades a little extra). A pattern for coiffeur required is necessary with all orders for ready made tails. Write at once for our free book, "The Art of Hair-dressing" which we will send you post free.

WOOTTON'S HAIR ARTISTS

Dept 6, m. IPSWICH.

2/-

This valuable Food
has not advanced in price!
BROWN'S

Barley Kernels

make delicious creamy puddings without the aid of eggs. Brown's Barley Kernels—Nature's preventative against kidney trouble—proved and recommended by the medical profession.

ONE BOX, 4^{D.} WILL MAKE 10 PUDDINGS

Sold by Grocers, Stores, etc.

W. & G. BROWN, CEREAL FOOD SPECIALISTS, DERBY.

CAMEO FOR LUCK



REAL
GOLD **1/-**

Shell Cameo Ring, choice design, beautifully cut CAMEO, sent post free on receipt of P.O. or stamps value 1/-, two rings 1/10; nothing more to pay. Send to-day, with finger size, to British Jewellers' Alliance, 19, Richmond Street, London, E.C.

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In Tins and Glasses.
For Breakfast,
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NURSERY BAKINGS

To give children inexpensive fancy bread in war-time, home baking is best, and

"Paisley Flour"

(Trade Mark)

The SURE raising powder

makes everything light, wholesome and digestible.

There is nothing more delicious than a "Paisley Flour" jam sandwich. It comes from the oven evenly raised, and you know that it is all pure and wholesome when you make it yourself.

"Paisley Flour" is made by Brown & Polson, Paisley, and sold in 7d., 3d. & 1d. packets.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1915.

"INFLEXIBLE RESOLVE."

WE DO NOT KNOW and cannot guess what Mr. Asquith will or will not have said at Newcastle by the time you read or skip these lines in the morning. What we do know is what everybody we know *thinks* Mr. Asquith should have said there; for rarely can any preacher have gone forth to preach with a louder cautionary cry behind him. "Now please be very careful what you say!"—yesterday we heard, from at least a dozen authorities, how they would have put it had they been Mr. Asquith.

One of them would have told the over-taxed "captains and soldiers of industry" to "come out of the pub. quickly and buckle to."

A tactful, truthful type of public-advice-giver! No. Immediately, another advances with the attenuated proposition that Mr. Asquith should say: "Dear captains and soldiers of industry, I know of course, in my position as Prime Minister, that you never drink, or do anything of that sort, but don't do it any more."

And a third here intervenes with his suggestion that Mr. Asquith should not even mention drink, but cry, instead, *peccavi* or *peccavimus*! and then point out that the Government didn't know that so many munitions would be wanted; nobody knew; but that now, penitently, the Government do know and will act, if Newcastle will help, as of course it will after this appeal; because, as the public do not know (since they haven't been told), the war stands now on the edge of great events, hovering, lingering at the corner, so to speak; ready, for us and what we hold to be precious in all Europe—ready to turn towards victory or defeat.

Which shall it be? It depends on the attitude of the workers.

And the best attitude for all workers—those primarily or secondarily engaged—can be summed up, surely, in Mr. Asquith's own two words earlier in the struggle: two words *inflexible resolve* with which he engaged us to arm. "Inflexible resolve" is what is needed, but is that to be prompted or strengthened by anything the official and ruling world habitually does or says just now? "Inflexible resolve" is not stimulated, one may think, by incessant glorification of minor successes at subordinate points in the campaign. Yet, from the front and at home, the ruling and official world seems to have an inexplicable mania for lulling our people with such glorification. Colonel Mark Tapleys all of them! And this is how, having asked for "inflexible resolve," they set about securing it.

It exists. It exists in our men, often tested, never found wanting, at the front. Whether it exists in such liberal measure with their leaders we may doubt—and we shall see. But, meanwhile, how odd a means of strengthening us, or nerving us, of awakening us, and of uniting us at home, is the nervous insistence upon "triumphs" for our side, the minimising of set-backs, the nonsense about the Germans losing heart, the silence about the Dardanelles, the long gaps in the communications, giving rein to rumour that turns out often to be partially justified! "Inflexible resolve," this, in the Government that recommends it? Our men have it. Cannot the Government and the official optimists encourage it better at home by renouncing Mark Tapleyism and summoning us to be men, now in this great hour of manhood?

Well, yes, we confess it. That is what we hope that Mr. Asquith will have said—or something like it—at Newcastle, by the time you read, or avoid reading, this . . .

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The pavement of life is strewn with orange peel; and who has not slipped on the flag—*Thackeray*.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE SUBALTERN'S MOUSTACHE.

MANY of our subalterns need surely not worry so much about having to wear moustaches, since many of them can't grow them—no blame to them! It will be time to worry about them when they come. T. W. T.
Russell-square, W.C.

THE PATRIOT'S DILEMMA.

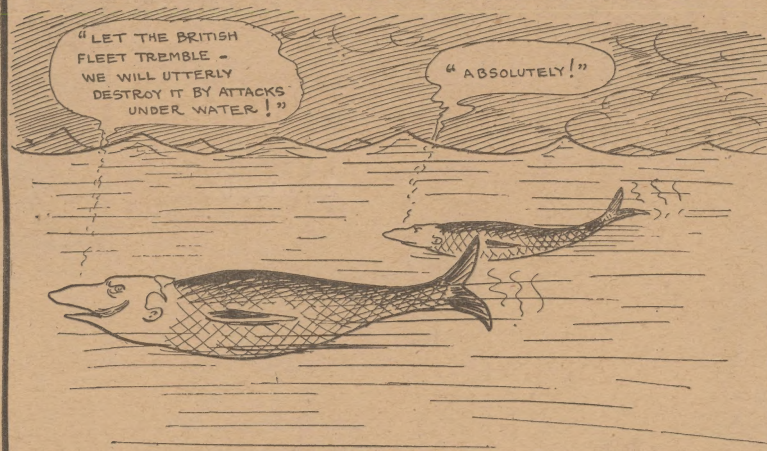
MY mother and father are "daggers" against the Prussians, my father especially is always saying what he thinks ought to be done to "these rotten Germans."
Now, a couple of days ago when talking about them he said "if I were younger I'd go my-

said, "Well, you see, in ordinary life I have always been used to a certain amount of responsibility, and I find the responsibility of looking after and turning out properly one of our officers greatly helps things."

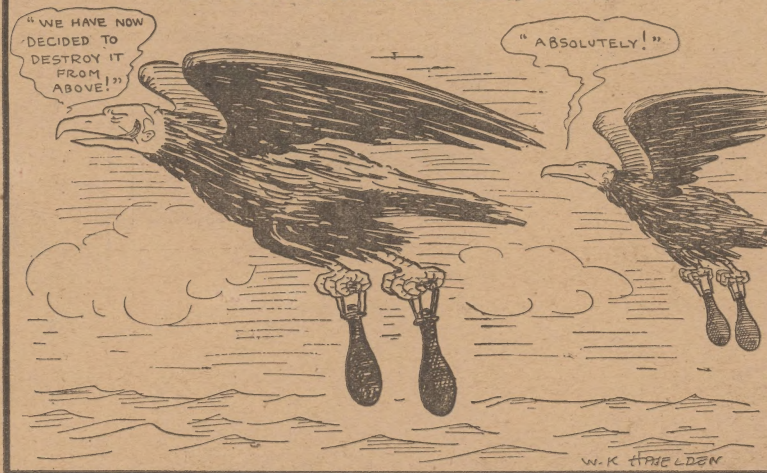
This in itself does not seem much, but I happen to know something of his ordinary civilian life. He has a dairy farm, which he runs with his brother-in-law, and which keeps a good many men going. He gave up his share to come and fight; more than this, he was offered a temporary commission, which he did not accept, thinking others were better able to fill such a post than he; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he persuaded his father to allow him to put aside his financial interests. And now he is just about to go to the front. One of the best, he works hard and

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' QUICK CHANGES.

UNFULFILLED SUBMARINE THREATS BY BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE AS FISHES



THE THREATS ARE NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE AIR



They began as submarine or fish-frightfullists. They are now posing, once again, as eagle-bombists from above.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

self," yet last night when I asked him if I could join the R.A.M.C. or Army Pay Corps or the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, he refused, and, moreover, "cursed" me for my suggestion.
Now, I may add that I am eighteen years of age, and I am willing to go into any of the above three regiments. But I am not allowed. Why? Because "our dear boy" might get hurt! Now, what am I to say in such a grave crisis? I don't want to run away from home, and these are the facts that I shall have to face.

A PATRIOT BOY.

"ENGLAND'S BEST."

I THINK the following incident might help those who are still hesitating about joining the new Army to make up their minds at once.

This battery is going to the front this week, and it is composed of some of "England's best."

One instance will suffice, though, no doubt, there are many others.

A young gunner, in ordinary life a well-to-do farmer, is acting as officer's servant. On asking him his reason for doing so, he simply

gets on wonderfully well with everyone and puts himself out in order to do whatever he can for his chums.

He may be only one in a crowd—I hope he is—still, such an example should encourage others to give up their own pleasures, to make the sacrifice and to fight in order to protect our homes and interests.

R. G. A.

AN OLD SONG.

Love is a sickness full of woes,

All remedies refusing;

A plant that with most cutting grows,

Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;

If not enjoyed it sighing cries,

Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,

A tempest everlasting;

And Jove hath made it of a kind

Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;

If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,

Heigh ho!

—SAMUEL DANIEL (1615).

BRITISH HOMES.

Will the Average Life in Them Be Different After the War?

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

ONE must not hope after this war for a return of the old narrow enclosed home life. I hope most earnestly that the position of women will be bettered.

It is incredible that after all our women have done to help us in this war they should return after it to their old position of subordination, or at least of unrecognised exclusion from the main currents of the world's affairs. To reconstruct our social system after this war we shall more than ever need the wise help that women are able to give.

I look forward then for greater opportunities for women, for a larger outlook for them, for more work for them, for better brains and a greater choice and freedom for them in such matters as the births of children and the quality of married life. And principally to our women I look to keep us from wars in the future. W. F. L.
Richmond.

ONE good thing, I think, will be the outcome of this awful war, and that will be the improved position of women.

Whatever this war may have done, it has at least served to show that women are quite capable of being just as successful in business as men. Many important positions are now filled by women—we have women chauffeurs, women porters, women messengers, and they are managing quite nicely.

I hardly know what will be the outcome of all this independence, as regards the home.

At any rate, after this taste of it, I do not think even the average yearning-for-domesticity woman will be quite content to settle down into the harassed, self-sacrificing meek and mild mother and housewife.

And instead of the birth-rate rising in the near future, I anticipate that it will have a tendency to decrease.

J. A.

A TEMPORARY BETTERMENT.

THE WAR will, I think, have an effect of temporary betterment in home life.

Men engaged in fighting our enemies and enduring hardships will, when peace is once more established, appreciate the hearth to a greater degree than formerly. The married man will be more content when surrounded by wife and children.

Generally the young man will view the affection of mother and sisters in a new light. Their attentions will be not so irksome and "dad's" advice will not be so ridiculous. The boy returned will have gained wisdom through hardship and will think before he acts, and the burning desire to roam will be subject to reason. In considering how to live, worldly ambitious attainment will become secondary to the need for comfort, and he will be content to strive for a humble home, where peace and love shall dwell, rather than for a "big position."

There must be some, however, who, returning from the battlefield, will find home so small, tame and innocent for them—probably because their moral character has been scorched.

N. E.

IN MY GARDEN.

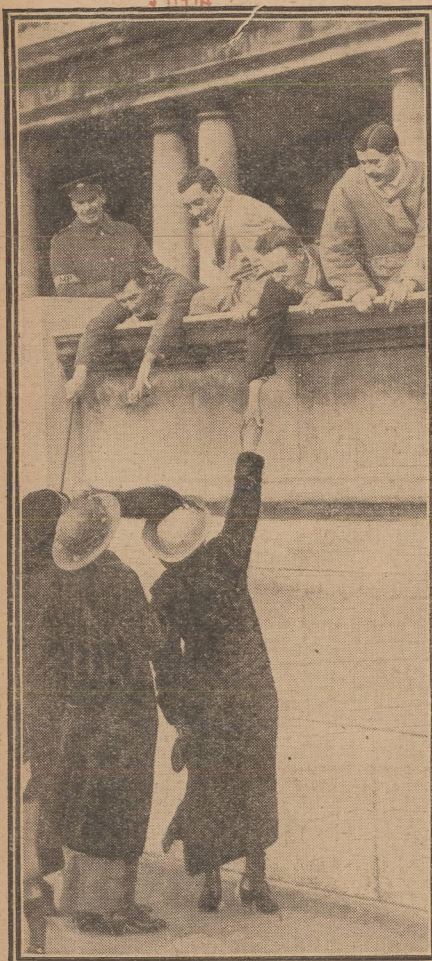
April 20.—Much useful work may be done in the vegetable garden now. Lettuces that have been thoroughly hardened off can be planted out in rich soil, also cauliflowers. The planting of potatoes should be completed at once. Sow more Brussels sprouts, savoy, and winter greens in the open, and vegetable marrows must be started under glass without delay.

The soil between the rows of spinach, onions, carrots, etc., should be hoed over every few days to prevent weed growth. Late peas can be sown this week and runner beans towards the end of the month.

E. E. T.

FLOWERS FOR 'TOMMY'

Q. 11914



Girls give flowers to convalescent-soldiers at St. Thomas's Hospital, who take the air every afternoon on the terrace overlooking the Albert Embankment.

SEASIDE DONKEYS DRAW A PLOUGH: SOME

Q. 11914 B



Ox and horse run in double harness in France.

STRANGE COLLECTING-BOX.

Q. 11914 P



Beer barrel used as a collecting-box at Dortmund. It should certainly appeal to the average German.



Agriculture has been greatly affected by the war both in France and Great Britain, and in many cases children are filling the places of the men who have joined the colours. Even the seaside donkeys have

OPENING OF THE SEA-BATHING SEASON.

Q. 1460



Though the average visitor will probably postpone his first dip for some little time yet, the men of the new Armies now training on the "Cornish Riviera" have already begun to bathe regularly. Here is a jolly party who have thoroughly enjoyed their swim. They had no fear of being torpedoed.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.

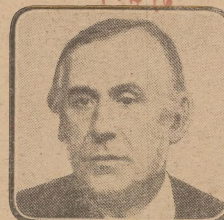
P. 498 A



Miss Phoebe Haggard, daughter of the late Lieutenant John G. Haggard, R.N., who is to be married to-day to Mr. D. A. Haggard.—(Lafayette.)

HAWARDEN'S SQUIRE.

P. 496



The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the new Squire of Hawarden. He succeeds Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., who was killed at the front.

BAT FACTORY MA

Q. 516



Here are stacks of cricket bats which ridge are manufacturing war munition slings. The bats must

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON AGRICULTURE

A WELCOME DRAUGHT



changed their occupation, and two of them are here seen "doing their bit" by drawing a plough. They have been pressed into service at Ramsgate, as horses are now difficult to obtain.



Children planting seeds at Montrose.

MADE TO LOOK SILLY.



German girl decorates a young soldier with flowers and carries his rifle for him to the railway station.



British officer, very thirsty after a long march, takes a long draught of water. He was in no way inconvenienced by the lack of tumblers.

WAR MUNITIONS.

TO WED THIS WEEK.



Miss Beatrice Haworth Barnett, whose marriage to Mr. Philip Satow takes place on Saturday. Both belong to Berkhamsted.—(Lafayette.)

M.P. AS OFFICER.



Mr. Stephen Gwynne, M.P., who has received a commission in the Connaught Rangers. He has written many delightful books.—(Lafayette.)

"TOMMY" HAS BEST QUALITY MEAT ONLY.



The British military authorities are most particular in regard to the quality of the meat supplied to the troops. Every precaution is taken to ensure it being of the best possible quality, and the picture shows an animal being carefully examined. It has been purchased from a French farmer.

make no runs just yet. Messrs. Sur-
w, and the men are seen making rifle
fill the war is over.

TEETH

FAMOUS LONDON DENTAL SURGERY'S OFFER
TO THE PUBLIC DURING THE WAR.

WAR PRICES.

Complete Set Artificial Teeth £0 15 0
Single Artificial Teeth ... 0 2 0
Teeth Painlessly Extracted ... 0 1 0

ORDINARY PRICES.

Ordinary Price ... £5 5 0
Ordinary Price ... 0 10 6
Ordinary Price ... 0 2 6

SPECIAL Low Prices for Teeth During the War.

This is the announcement of a famous London Dental Surgery.

Ladies and Gentlemen can now have their teeth put in A1 first-class order, or be fitted with perfect, "exactly-like-nature" artificial teeth at prices everyone will gladly pay.

The scene of this wonderful reduction in prices for the highest class of Dental work is the celebrated Williams' Dental Surgeries.

Hither all troubled with broken, discoloured, aching, missing or troublesome teeth will "tub" or "bus" or otherwise wend their way.

For here you receive the best scientific attention your teeth require at the lowest prices ever heard of.

The following fees have been fixed by Williams' Dental Surgeries for the highest quality Dental work during the war:—

Teeth Painlessly Extracted	s. d.
Teeth " (with gas)	1 0
Decayed Teeth stopped	2 0
Single Artificial Tooth	2 0
Complete Set Artificial Teeth	15 0
Gold Filling	10 6

Bridge and Ear Work a Speciality.

Here is the opportunity for everyone who cares for Health, Appearance or Comfort.

Everyone can afford these small fees—which will be returned a thousandfold in better looks, more distinct speech, better health and freedom from pain.

ADDS 100 PER CENT. TO YOUR LOOKS.
What is more ugly than a mouth of broken, discoloured teeth?

It is a great handicap in business and in every affair of life.

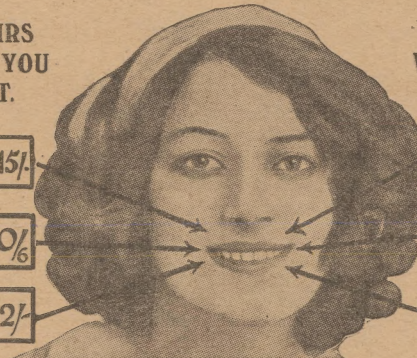
No employer likes to see men and women about him whose teeth are nothing less than an eyesore.

**REPAIRS
WHILE YOU
WAIT.**

Complete Set 15/-

Gold Filling 10/6

Single Teeth 2/-



A mouth of pearly teeth of snowy whiteness is the greatest asset to any man or woman's appearance. You are given a great opportunity to-day to have your teeth made perfect at the lowest possible prices. Call at the Williams Dental Surgery to-day or write for a free copy of the book, "Good Teeth for All." It will be sent you on receipt of halfpenny stamp for postage.

Now, for a few pence you can have yellowed and discoloured teeth sealed and made dazzlingly white, and the black and broken stumps extracted without pain; and for a few shillings you can be fitted with a set of artificial teeth "exactly like nature's," which will add 100 per cent. to your looks.

Good Teeth are worth much cash-value in actual money-earning power to everyone, especially to

Actors, Shop Assistants,
Actresses, Commercial Travellers,
Clerks, Salesmen,
Shopkeepers, Teachers,
Singers, Clergymen,
Lecturers, Speakers,
Canvassers.

AVOID THESE HEALTH-DANGERS.

Think, too, of the benefit to your health! A hollow tooth is a food-trap in which particles of food lodge and become rotten and decayed. The poison gets down your throat and into your system. It gives you indigestion and upsets your nerves, besides making your breath unpleasant. Thousands suffer from ill-health—simply because their teeth want attention.

Bad breath—bad digestion—poor health—spoiled looks—all come from bad teeth.

**REPAIRS
WHILE YOU
WAIT.**

Teeth Painlessly Extracted 1/-

Teeth Painlessly Extracted with Gas 2/-

Decayed Teeth Stopped 2/-

COMPLETE SET FITTED IN FOUR HOURS.
There is no long waiting at Williams' Dental Surgery.

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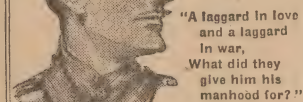
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RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps because of an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying. "Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it out in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a heavy emotion.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service. A week or two later he returns wounded, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. It is brought home to her more than ever how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling and waving his hand. Sonia is so happy that she faints.

Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the stirring news that Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to put the whole thing from his mind. In a terrific struggle, in which his arm is falling, he manages to see a wounded officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes out again and brings in Carter, his old comrade. The next reaches the trench when he collapses, badly wounded.

In London the news is published that Chatterton is dead, but that he was awarded the V.C. first. Montague, having Chatterton's memory, and Sonia, realising that she cannot possibly marry him, runs away. She has barely gone when Jardine bursts in with the great news that Chatterton is alive, after all!

Old Jardine has a stormy scene with Montague over the latter's lie about Chatterton's death. He is more staggered when he hears that Chatterton is not dead.

At Victoria Station, where Sonia has vainly gone, she runs into Nurse Anderson, and also hears the wonderful news that Richard is alive. But the truth is taken out of her by the astounding fact that the pretty nurse is wearing Richard's ring.

Sonia finds sanctuary in the lodging-house of a former old servant, Mrs. Simpson. She tells Sonia that her husband works for Mr. Montague!

Richard Chatterton, lying in a base hospital sorely wounded, turns round to see old Jardine standing at his bedside. The latter tells him the wonderful news that Sonia is not married after all.

WONDERFUL NEWS.

OLD Jardine never forgot the look of dazed, incredulous happiness that flashed across Chatterton's face.

"Not married! Not—oh, I say, you're not rotting, are you? It's not just to please a sick man?" His voice was all broken up and shaken. Old Jardine took his hand.

"It's the truth, Dick, if I never speak again, Sonia is no more married than you are. She—oh, all right, madame, all right; I'm coming immediately!" This last time the nurse, who had returned to the attack and was ordering him forcibly away. He looked again towards Richard—Richard, a little pale with emotion still, but smiling, the sort of smile, as old Jardine afterwards told Lady Merriam, that made him feel positively young again.

"I'll tell you all the rest this evening!" he called back across the ward as he was being taken to the storeroom. "I'll tell you all! Bless my soul, madame, why may I not speak to my friend?"

The nurse suppressed a smile; it was impossible to be angry for long with old Jardine.

"It's against the rules to make a noise," she said, as gravely as she could. "Some of the men here are very ill indeed."

Old Jardine looked abashed. "Bless my soul, I forgot!" Selish of me—most unparliamentary of me! I apologise—I sincerely apologise."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

He went the remainder of the way on exaggerated tiptoe, but he turned before closing the door behind him and waved a last farewell to Chatterton.

The man in the bed next to him chuckled a little when the old fellow disappeared. "Jolly old buffer that," he said.

"The best in the world," answered Chatterton.

He could not realise yet that those last few words were real; that old Jardine had not fawned them, or qualified the truth in order to please him; his heart seemed to be quivering between hope and fear.

If it were true, why was it true—why had Sonia not married the man for whom she had thrown him aside—what had happened between that night of the Red Cross ball and this present to make her change her mind; she had seemed to think the world of Montague—had it, after all, been but a passing fancy?

He was afraid to think further; he told himself with painful severity that it did not mean because she was free that he had any right to look towards her again. She had always been a thousand times too good for him; she had considered him a slacker—which he was! She had given him the best of her money, he wanted. . . . It scorched his thin face now to remember how badly he had behaved to her; how far above her own sweet self he had placed the riches which she could bring to him. . . . When he saw her again, if ever he saw her again. . . . he lost himself in speculative dreaming. . . .

The hours dragged interminably till the evening when old Jardine had promised to come again. Chatterton had worked himself into a perfect fever of anxiety by the time the old man's portly figure engineered its way through the narrow limits of beds.

"You are never coming." In spite of himself he had to say it; he followed the words with a little apologetic laugh. "I dare say you think I'm an exacting sort of creature."

Old Jardine shook his head.

"You are a wonderful lot—all of you. . . . He included the whole ward in the wide sweep of his fat hand. "Wonderful!" he went on, beaming at the man in the next bed.

"We have some papers and cigarettes and things sent in for you," he went on, dropping his voice. "I don't know if it's allowed, but she's a bit of a tartar, isn't she?" he asked, with a twinkle, indicating the nurse who was bending over a bed at the other end of the room.

"She's been very good to me," said Chatterton. "The nurses are worked to death here, you know."

"By the way," said old Jardine, suddenly. "Talking of nurses—a little friend of your's was inquiring about you the night before last in London. . . . ah! I see you know who I mean!" he added, laughing, as Chatterton coloured.

"Nurse Anderson, I suppose. . . . I hope she is well."

The words were almost absurdly formal; Chatterton was beginning to remember that he had been very friendly with this girl, who had shown him such sympathy when he was so down on his luck; and now, in the light of old Jardine's great news of the morning, it all seemed like some fevered dream to look back on those last days in London, during which time he had stalked its streets and parks, nearly mad with the growing unhappiness that would not let him rest.

"She called at my rooms," old Jardine said. "She was very excited about you and the V.C., and could not help but tell me I was coming over to see her. I believe I've forgotten 'em all."

"They wouldn't be anything important," said Chatterton, restlessly. He did not want to hear about Nurse Anderson. There was another woman whose sweet face and vivid memory seemed to be filling the world to the exclusion of every other thought.

Sonia and she got on quite well together," said old Jardine, thoughtlessly. "I introduced them—it was one morning in the Park, I—what did you say?"

"On, nothing. . . . nothing. . . . so—so Sonia knows her, does she?"

"Yes—Nurse Anderson went to tea at the hotel," he paused, and for the first time a trace of anxiety crept into his eyes. "I hope you don't mind, my boy? I hope I didn't do wrong."

"Why should I mind? . . . There is nothing to mind." But he felt a little unhappy as he recalled the look he had once surprised in the eyes of little Nurse Anderson; when he remembered the way she had cried that night at Waterloo. . . . a sudden memory returned.

"That night—when we left England. . . . were you at Waterloo? Some chap in our company told me there had been someone asking for me at the station. From the description I thought perhaps. . . ."

"It was I right enough," came the irascible answer. "A pretty dance I had to find you. . . . Disgraceful the way that station is managed. There was a lot of dancing about like a minuet for an hour or more, trying to find you."

"If only I had known. . . ."

"Ah! Um!" The old man looked down at him ruefully. "Yes, if only you had known, I should—then—Sonia was there with me," he added.

For a moment Chatterton did not speak. So it had been true, after all, and she had wanted to see him insisted on coming at the last moment," old Jardine went on. "I tried to dissuade her; I had some sort of idea that she would miss

you. . . . Poor child! she was terribly upset. . . . You see, Dick, you see, she saw you—she saw you all the time and. . . ."

Chatterton tried to raise himself, but fell back.

"She saw me. . . . Sonia!" . . .

"Yes. . . . but there, we won't talk about it now; it's over and done with, and the sooner you get well and come back to settle your own affairs, young man, the better I shall be pleased. It's no fault of mine that Sonia hasn't changed her name, though I did my best," he added bluntly. "Go! Sonia was to have been married last Thursday—although I signed—wedding dress home and all, but. . . . there now I've upset you! I'm such an old blunderer. . . ."

But Chatterton shook his head.

"Go on—I want to hear—and I'm quite all right. . . ."

HOPE?

BUT that little touch of the wedding dress had gone home, a poisoned shaft. How often had he not thought of her dressed in her bridal frock and veil—standing by the side of a bridegroom who was not himself. . . . he clenched his teeth. "Go! Sonia was to have been married last Thursday—although I signed—wedding dress home and all, but. . . . there now I've upset you! I'm such an old blunderer. . . ."

Old Jardine rubbed his chin.

"Well, there isn't a great deal to tell. . . . she was ill after we went to Waterloo that night—she had a sort of breakdown; nothing very serious—but she was laid up for a few days. . . . Then Montague pressed for an early wedding, and. . . . well, she gave in. . . . Then we heard that you'd been finished, and then. . . . which reminds me, I don't know whether she has heard the truth about that yet or not."

"Oh, I say!"

"Well, you see, she ran away the very night that I heard the news myself, and so. . . ."

"Run away?"

"Yes. . . . Bless my soul! I'm afraid I'm telling all this very badly. You'd better let me off, Dick—wait till you get better. . . ."

"No, no, I must hear. . . . I shall never rest if I don't know the whole truth. . . . You say Sonia ran away?"

"Yes. She left a note for Lady Merriam. Fine woman that! Splendid! There was nothing much in it beyond the fact that she said she had discovered she couldn't go on with the wedding, and thought it the best way to avoid explanations."

"And where has she gone?"

"I don't know where she has gone! We don't know, and she didn't say. But she'll be all right, my boy, don't you worry. . . . Sonia knows how to look after herself."

Chatterton stifled an oath. . . .

"In London, Alone! Sonia. . . . If I were only well."

There was a dull flush in his face—his eyes looked feverish. Old Jardine felt alarmed.

"Look here, my boy, if you're going to get excited, I shall get up and walk straight out of the place and take the first boat back to England. . . . Sonia is all right—I'm sure enough of that; and when she knows that you're alive, and just racing the doctors. . . . He broke off with a meaning nod. Chatterton set his mouth.

"She won't care; it's nothing to her."

The old depression was settling on him again. After all, if Sonia did not know that he were alive, how could it be for his sake that she had broken off her engagement with Montague? He closed his eyes and lay silent.

Old Jardine let him alone. He turned round a little and began talking to the lad in the next bed, who had lost his arm. He devoted himself to him till the nurse came along again with a reminder that time was up. Chatterton, hearing her, opened his eyes quickly enough.

"You're not going?"

"I am—I've had my marching orders." There was a little shortness in the old man's voice.

(Continued on page 13.)



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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Son.

I see that Mrs. Humphry Ward's son, Lieutenant Arnold Ward, of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry—and M.P. for the West Herts Division—has had a fortnight in hospital with injured hands caused during the military operations in Egypt, where he is serving. Everyone will be glad to hear he is making a rapid recovery.



Lieut. Arnold Ward.

A special correspondent of *The Times*. And in addition he is making a good soldier. Not a bad record for a man with his fortieth birthday still ahead of him.

"Wild Thyme."

I suppose that some of you would describe "Wild Thyme," the new sentimental comedy from the French, in which Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss appeared at the Comedy Theatre on Monday night, as rather sugary. It is certainly very sweet and charming. Miss Ellaline Terriss, who gave a beautiful performance, looked "England's darling" as much as ever, especially in her bridal dress.

Law and the Comedy.

As is usual at the Comedy Theatre, the law was very well represented in the audience. I noticed Mr. Marshall Hall, Sir Charles Mathews, Mr. Hemmende and Mr. Curtis Bennett. Amongst the other men present were Mr. Frank Allen, Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Mr. Max Pemberton.

Others Present.

Miss Mary Moore sat just in front of me. A little further away was Lady Poultet wearing very beautiful diamond drop earrings. Miss Gladys Cooper, wrapped in a crimson cloak, watched the performance with intense interest from a box. Everybody gave the play a first-rate reception.

Asking for More.

I had to be represented at His Majesty's, but my double tells me that Sir Herbert Tree was obviously right when he judged that his public was asking for more of "Oliver Twist." The short revival of this play which Sir Herbert is putting on had a splendid reception, and "what struck me most about it was the genuine way in which the many children enjoyed the play," says my friend.

The War Wedding.

"It is untrue that I marry you for your money," said the young captain to his elderly war bride. "But it will console me in the hour of danger to think I shall not leave my widow penniless."

Queen Alexandra's Visit to Wounded.

Almost always, when Queen Alexandra attends any public function, such as a wedding or a visit to a hospital, she has with her Princess Victoria and the Princess Royal. There seems to be the greatest affection between the three royal ladies. The Princess Maud of Fife is devoted to her mother, and goes with her almost everywhere.

Dry Bones.

When Queen Alexandra visited St. Dunstan's Hostel for Soldiers and Sailors the other day, I hear, she spent a long while chatting with two of our blind soldiers who are to learn massage. On the table before them they had a number of bones, which they use in the study of massage, and one of the soldiers was quite worried about it; he feared Queen Alexandra wouldn't like the bones.

Our Theatrical Lord Chief.

I hear that the part author—Frances Keyser—of a new play to be presented shortly is a sister of the Lord Chief Justice. This makes Lord Reading's connections more theatrical than ever. For his younger sister, Esther, is married to Mr. Alfred Suro, the dramatist.

At the Midnight Revue.

Mr. R. M. Burnside, who is over here producing "Watch Your Step" at the Empire, was talking to me about the vaudeville business and applause. "The greatest applause in the world," he said, "is to be heard at Zeigfeld's, New York, where they have a midnight revue on the roof garden."

Some Applause.

"Here," said Mr. Burnside, "they have hit upon the novel idea of giving each member of the audience a hammer. They all hit at tables, and they all hammer out their applause. The noise of the hammers is truly terrific. Do I suggest we should introduce this system to the Empire? No, I don't."

Princess Mary's First Revue.

Princess Mary is to have a new experience next week. At the Drury Lane matinee for the American Women's War Relief Fund she is to see her first revue. Or, at least, part of one. For the last scene in "5004 Gerrard" is to be included in it. This is the quaint and charming pierrot scene.

All and Every Star.

But what a wonderful performance this matinee is going to produce! The Masque of War and Peace in itself will form an event in theatrical history, and the reappearance of old favourites, who have left us for private life, in fond scenes and songs which we remember so well, makes it the duty of all good theatre-goers to be there.

The "Merry Widow" Back Again.

Miss Lily Elsie, for instance, in the famous "Merry Widow" waltz with Mr. Joe Coyne. That will take us back seven or eight years. What a wild scene that waltz produced on that first night at Daly's! I remember the incident



Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Balfour).

well. Most of us thought that the rest of the play would never be seen, for the audience insisted on having it again and again. But, to revert to the matinee, there is Miss Edna May, too, and—well, it's an American matinee, and it is going to be "some show."

Heard at the Cookhouse Door.

Orderly: Wot! No meat for breakfast? Sergeant-Cook: Yes, there is. There's cheese.

Orderly: Cheese's only meat in a manner of speakin'. Be a pal, Sergeant, and cut the cheese with a hammy else bacony knife.

Little Willie Not Dead!

Little Willie is following father's footsteps in being an artist. He has done a pastel of a sentry from his company, Reserve Infantry Regiment No. 98, and it is published in *Ueber Land Und Meer*. The pastel is accompanied by a verse from the royal hand.

Royal Bard's Best.

And this is what the royal poet has written:

Wir stehen still auf posten
Im Arme das Gewehr.
Im Westen und im Osten
Viel Feinde und viel Ehr!

Which may be freely translated as "We're standing at our post, our rifle's at our sight, our enemy is all round, but honour is with our right." Obviously as a poet Little Willie has not yet grown up.

No. 7.

Look out for some good things in No. 7 of the *Sunday Pictorial* next Sunday. The special features are unusually good. I will tell you more about them to-morrow. We all know that seven is the perfect number. Well, No. 7 of the *Sunday Pictorial* is the perfect number, too.

War Proverbs—No. 1.

One half of the world does not know how the other can live—much longer.

Footballer Subaltern.

So another fine footballer has received a commission. Harold Fleming, of whose great deeds on the Association football field Swindon is so proud, is now a subaltern in the 4th Wiltshires. He is to join his battalion at the end of the month, when the football season closes.



Mr. Harold Fleming.

Their Idol.
Harold Fleming should make a useful officer. He has for years been the idol of big football crowds at Swindon, and he will find in the ranks of his regiment the very men who have so often cheered him on the football field. I don't think there will be many places where the Wiltshires, will refuse to go if Fleming leads. He is, I suppose, one of the best forwards we have seen.

How "Tommy" Names His Home.

Looking round one of the Kitchener camps recently, I was struck by the attention bestowed on the huts by their tenants. Almost the first thing "Tommy" does on arriving in hutments is to name his new home. Either he writes it in chalk or paint on the door, or else he indicates it by an elaborately artistic arrangement in pebbles and earth hard by. Here are some of his names for his little wooden hut:—

Noa Zark.
Drymouth's Mansions.
The Abode of Love and Rest.
Buckingham Palace II.
The Kharkidrome.
T. Atkins—His Hut.

Not infrequently the hut is named after his native town or the house where he was formerly billeted.

Legends Without.

Generally, too, a humorous legend is also affixed to the hut door. "Don't ring the bell—which is absent without leave," "Knock and kick," "Beware of the Lance-Corporal," "Drunkard's Entrance" (a broken window), and the following rhyme,

"Come in—if you're thin
But if stout—slop out,"
are some of the notices I have met.

No Germans Need Apply.

My Paris Gossip sends me this story, which, he says, all Paris is telling—or hearing. The men, after a strenuous day in the rain and the mud, had eaten their evening meal and fallen asleep in their shelter. Presently a voice came from the entrance: "Moi, Boche!" No one took any notice. Again the voice was heard: "Me, German!" Thinking it was some sort of new wheeze, a sleepy voice replied: "Shut up and let us go to sleep."

Waited Till They Woke Up.

But the stranger insisted: "Moi, Boche!" He was greeted with a chorus of hearty imprecations, and remained silent. In the morning, when the French soldiers awoke, they found a German deserter beside them. He had arrived at the shelter to give himself up the night before, but no one would listen to him. So he lay down where he was, and decided to wait till his hosts were in a better temper.

Eggs Are Cheap To-day—in Russia.

In London we are suffering increased food prices during the war. In Russia things are otherwise, for food cannot be exported now, and is, therefore, much cheaper. A Russian friend writes me from Archangel that eggs can be bought at 1s. 3d. per 100, while the best meat and fresh salmon are never more than 9d. or 7d. per lb. Lucky Russian housewives!

Punched a Fourpenny Ticket.

I saw a really touching piece of kindness on the part of a London omnibus conductor yesterday. A Scottish soldier home from the front on leave entered the omnibus and took his seat with the air of a man who settles down for a long journey. When the conductor came round for fares the warrior asked: "How much to —?" "Fourpence," was the answer. "I've only threepence," said the soldier, handing over three coppers, "I'll go as far as I can." But the conductor punched him a fourpenny ticket—ready to bear the loss himself. THE RAMBLER.



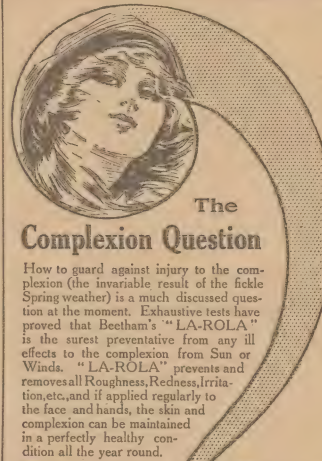
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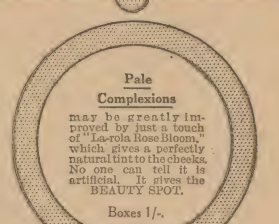
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The Complexion Question

How to guard against injury to the complexion (the invariable result of the fickle Spring weather) is a much discussed question at the moment. Exhaustive tests have proved that Beetham's "LA-ROLA" is the surest preventative from any ill effects to the complexion from Sun or Winds. "LA-ROLA" prevents and removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, etc., and if applied regularly to the face and hands, the skin and complexion can be maintained in a perfectly healthy condition all the year round.

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W. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO NEWCASTLE.

P. 282 F



Crowd waves and cheers as the train which carried Mr. Asquith to Newcastle left King's Cross yesterday.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

Chatterton stretched a hand to him apologetically.

"I'm sorry I've been such a surly beggar, but if you only knew."

"My dear boy, I do know..."

"And Sonia... do you think—do you think she—"

"Old Jardine laughed.

"I'm not giving away any secrets of State. Get well, and ask her yourself."

And the next moment he was gone.

"Get well, and ask her yourself." The words haunted Chatterton.

Did they mean anything, or did they not? And even supposing Sonia did sometimes give him a thought, he—oh, it would be such a cursed long time before he could even hope to see her—even hope to crawl out of his bed and begin to find that he was a man once more, and not a mere bundle of broken limbs and suffering.

"... I think I've bucked him up," so old Jardine wrote that night to Lady Merriam. "I've just told him enough to set him on fire with impatience to be up and about again. But it will be many months, poor lad, before he's any good at all. And now, what about Sonia? Where is she, and have you seen her?... I haven't had a single letter from you yet, and hope you are well."

They marched some German prisoners through here this afternoon to a French encampment. As far as I could judge, they were neither wretched-looking or under-fed; they were a remarkably fine-looking set of men, I thought. I am not telling you this to depress you, or because I have altered my opinion as to the result of the war, but simply because I think it's a pity to under-rate the enemy. ... Out here I can see a good deal more of the real situation than we are allowed to know in London, and you must not think I am pessimistic because I say that Germany is not beaten yet! I wish it was."

Old Jardine was surprised at himself for writing this. As a rule, he was full of red-hot optimism, but as he said—being more or less close to the heart of affairs had unconsciously changed his outlook, and the sight of the strapping line of men in grey who had marched through the village that afternoon had given him something of a shock.

According to the game as he knew it, they should have been broken and half-starved. ... Certainly he would have infinitely preferred that they should; he felt a trifle uneasy as he turned away and went back to the hotel.

But his usual optimism soon reassured itself, and he added a postscript to his letter to Lady Merriam—

"Don't think I am down-hearted; of course, in the end we are bound to win. He enjoyed his dinner more after that; as a matter of fact, the dinner was the worst he had had for many a long day, but old Jardine thought of the wolfish look of hunger he had

surprised on the faces of some of the poorer class of peasantry, and said thanks before he tackled the tough chicken and sour red wine.

He was wondering how to spend the rest of the evening when the girl from the desk in the hotel hall came towards him down the room; she held an official-looking envelope in her hand, which she laid beside his plate—

"For Monsieur..."

Old Jardine took it up; he turned it over apprehensively; it looked like a telegram.

The girl waited a moment.

"For Monsieur..." she said again, as a gentle reminder.

Old Jardine broke the seal and unfolded the flimsy paper; the message was short—but important.

"Come back at once... Merriam..."

There will be another splendid instalment of this great story to-morrow.

OFFICER'S WIFE'S TRAGIC END.

A large number of people sought admission to the North London Police Court yesterday, when Alice Mary Wheatley, a smartly-dressed young woman, described as a barmaid, was charged with murdering Mary Josephine Wootton, wife of Lieutenant Wootton, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, at Islington.

It will be remembered that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder against Wheatley, who was committed for trial on the capital charge on the coroner's warrant.

Mr. Pearce, on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, said that it would be shown that Wheatley, who had been the mistress of Lieutenant Wootton, was very jealous of Mrs. Wootton in her position as the wife of Lieutenant Wootton.

The first witness called was the deceased woman's eight-year-old little daughter Lily, who told how on March 23, after she had been put to bed, she heard her mother talking to a woman, and subsequently found the former sitting on the top of the staircase.

There was blood on her face and her blouse was smouldering.

The hearing was adjourned till Friday.

WISH FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

AMSTERDAM, April 20.—Professor Kurt Wiedenfeld, writing in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, states that harbours in the North Sea for Germany's overseas trade are a necessity overshadowing everything else. A well-known scientist, speaking of the importance to Germany of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, says: "Rotterdam, Antwerp and Hamburg will become the greatest harbours in the whole of Europe."—Exchange.

Out of eleven German and Austrian officers who escaped from Vladivostok, says the Central News, eight were found frozen to death.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR CHILD-AILMENTS "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Cleaves tender little stomach, liver
and bowels without griping
—Children love it.

Every mother realises, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or when the breath is bad and the stomach disordered, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste matter, sour bile and undigested food

passes out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. When its little system is "stuffy" with a cold, when it has sore throat, stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside-cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a child from being ill to-morrow. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d.—(Adv't.)

The only liver you will ever have!... and how are you treating it?

By this time—unless you are very young—you know what is the real "magic crystal" through which you view all life, all the world—and yourself.

It is your liver.

When it is strong and doing its full duty, life is bright and enjoyable, the whole world is kindly, and worth while.

When it is weakened and exhausted by irritating and un-gentle

medicines it gets behind in its work. Result: gloom, pessimism and ill-nature.

The more you drive and "whip" it with harsh pills the sooner it needs the whip again. That is why people who habitually take violent, purging pills seem to need them always.

The gentlest way to help nature—without irritating or weakening the natural forces of health—is to take Cockle's Pills.

Cruelly to your Liver is cruelly to yourself. Try kindness, and

Cockle's Pills

Sold by Chemists throughout the World, 1/11 and 2/9.

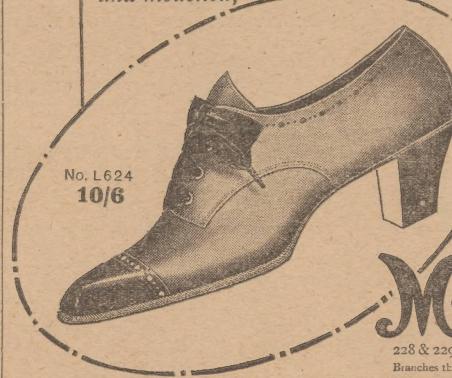
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to be careless of the footwear. It continues to get more and more attention on the part of well-dressed people—and well repays for the outlay too.

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WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

K.C.V.O. for Bishop of London.

The King has appointed the Bishop of London to be a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

No Private Homes as Hospitals.

No further offers of private houses will be accepted by the War Office, as military hospitals have been established on a large scale.

£500,000 Tax on Gold Mines.

A special tax of £500,000 on the profits of the gold mines is the subject of a resolution which, says Reuter, has just been adopted by the South African Parliament.

Torpedo and Nine Shots to Sink Ship.

Landing at Liverpool yesterday, the crew of the South Point, which was attacked by a submarine, stated that the Germans fired a torpedo and nine shots to sink her.

British Buy Belgian Tugs.

Some Belgian tugs, moored since September at Flushing, have been bought, says the Central News, by British shipowners, and have left Flushing displaying Belgian colours.

Tried to Cut Their Way Out.

Two soldiers under arrest in a cell at Notting-ham Guildhall were found yesterday to have bored half-way through the brick wall.

Court-Martial 1 for Runaways.

The two German officers who escaped from the prison camp at Llanabanna are to be tried by court-martial at Chester Castle on Friday.

Beyond the Law.

"You want to know about the Income-tax? I wish I knew myself," said the North London magistrate yesterday to a man who came to ask his advice.

Soldier's Wife Shot.

While handling a loaded revolver, the wife of Corporal Walters, of the 3rd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, was accidentally shot at their house in Caledonian-road.

Dead Hero Decorated.

Posthumous honour has been conferred on Brigadier-General Gough, who was killed in action, and who has been created a Knight Commander of the Bath.

RACING AT EPSOM.

Starters for the City and Suburban—Fiz-Yama Wins Great Metropolitan.

A dull morning with heavy showers later on marked the opening stage of the Epsom Spring Meeting yesterday, and the attendance, never a big one on Metropolitan day, suffered accordingly. A much bigger crowd may be expected to-day, when the following may go to the post for the City and Suburban:—

9 0	Mr. J. B. Joel's BLACK JESTER.....W. Huxley
5 8	Mr. M. Singer's FLORIST.....C. Trigg
8 6	Mr. Sol Joel's HONEYWOOD.....S. Donoghue
8 5	Mr. Hobyourn's OIGAR.....Wheatley
4 8	Mr. W. M. G. Singer's SIR EAGER.....F. Bullock
2 0	Mr. J. D. Cohn's JARNAK II.....N. Sear
7 13	Mr. E. Tanner's CARANCHO.....C. Foy
5 7	Lord d'Abernon's DIADUMENOS.....J. Prout
7 10	Mr. J. Benson's FRUITLANDS.....D. McKenna
4 7	Mr. F. J. Benson's FRUITLANDS.....D. McKenna
7 5	Mr. A. Spalding's CANDYTUFF.....R. Cooper
4 2	Mr. Hulton's WOODWILL.....P. Alden
6 11	Mr. H. Biggrave's SANDWORT.....P. Alden
4 10	Mr. H. Hartigan's SCREAMER.....Collis

Black Jester, who will carry Mr. J. B. Joel's colours in preference to Blue Stone, will doubtless start a hot favourite, and I expect him to win. Carancho, despite his penalty, may get a place.

Fiz-Yama won the Great Metropolitan Stakes yesterday after a capital race with Laveco and Desmond's Song, but it was rather an unsatisfactory affair, as the favourite, Knight's Key, was left at the post, and Major Symons got very badly away.

In some very open betting Knight's Key was most in demand at 6 to 1, and Fill Up, Polygamist, Desmond's Song and several others were better backed than Fiz-Yama. White Prophet was most prominent in the early stages, but after a mile had been covered Laveco rode to the front. Mr. Hartigan's horse ran on in game style, but he was caught in the last two furlongs and beaten by a length.

Robinson won both the two-year-old races, with Laramie and Comedienne, and Morton sent out a couple of winners for Mr. J. B. Joel in Polygamist and Exhilaration. The latter had a 7lb. penalty in the Great Surrey Handicap, but he had no difficulty in beating last year's winner, Coronis.

EPSOM RACING RETURNS.

130.—TATTENHAM T.Y.O. PLATE. 51.—LARAMIE (1.4, J. Clark), 1; Anatomy (100.6), 2; Fox Girl (100.6), 3. Also ran: Starbright (10.1), Phedrus, Moretta, Honora C, Water Nymph and On the Way (100.6).

25.—PRINCE OF WALES STAKES. 1m.—SANDMOLE (100.8, Firth), 1; Polygamist (10.1), 2; Clever Dick (2.1), 3. Also ran: Barter (5.1), Fill Up (6.1), Spring Thyme (10.1), Desmond M, Ara, Merion Square, Western and Flore II. (100.8).

2.40.—WESTMINSTER T.Y.O. PLATE. 51.—COMEDIENNE (8.1, J. Clark), 1; Tredette (100.7), 2; King's Day (0.4), 3. Also ran: Triple Blue, Chantarella and Silver Pheasant (100.7).

3.15.—GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES. 21m.—FIZ YAMA (100.6, Herbert), 1; Laveco (100.7), 2; Desmond's Song (9.1), 3. Also ran Knight's Key (6.1), Fill Up (7.1), Polygamist (8.1), Gravelotte, Rozanne (100.8), Rastine King, White Prophet (100.7), Major Symons, Nihilist (100.6), Troubadour (20.1), Magyar, Spieron, Xonkers, Ver-mouth, Greenmadow, Sir Colin and Fair Trader (6.1).

3.50.—BANSTEAD PLATE. 51.—EAGLE'S NEST (6.1, Wing) and FAKIR III (10.1, Trigg), dead heat, 1; Over-sight (4.1), 3. Also ran: Highwayide (11.4), Kleara (8.1), Crack o' Doom (10.1), Final Shot, High and Dry, Malmsey, Magren, Germination, Diableret, Poldonius and Quick Fly (100.7).

4.25.—GREAT SURREY HANDICAP. 51.—PARHE-LION (7.4, W. Huxley), 1; Coronis (10.1), 2; Vantite (8.1), 3. Also ran: Sunbar (4.1), Arment, Weyhill (6.1), Barbed Wire, Quixus, Cybele II. and Meduse (100.8).

5.0.—NORF PARK PLATE. 1m.—POLYSTOME (11.10, W. Huxley), 1; Polygamist (100.7), 2; Swank (8.1), 3. Also ran: Devon (6.1), Pennant (7.1), Policastro (8.1), Lantac (10.1), and Black Walnut (100.7).

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

EPSOM.

1.30.—Tadworth Plate—GOLDEN SUN.
2.40.—Cushmore Plate—PREYVANT.
3.15.—City and Suburban—BLACK JESTER.
3.50.—Hyde Park Plate—DUGGIE.
4.25.—Kingswood Plate—ONIDA II.
5.0.—Apprentices' Plate—LESTO.

PONTEFRAC.

1.45.—Tial Handicap—DENZIE.
3.45.—Three-Year-Old Handicap—MARKET.
4.15.—Castle Plate—LITTLE PICKLE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

"DUGGIE and BLACK JESTER" BOUVERIE.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

CITY AND SUBURBAN—4 to 1 Black Jester (3, 0), 7 to 1 Polygamist, Carancho (4, 0).

NEXT SEASON'S FOOTBALL.

Interviewed with regard to Mr. F. J. Wall's statement on the question of football next season, Mr. J. McKenna, president of the Football League, said that nothing has yet been decided or discussed and Mr. Wall's statement is evidently an expression of his own opinion. The League has decided to meet in July in order to see how affairs stand at that time, and of course, their future action will be guided by the military situation then.

E. Piper, who was to have ridden Knight's Key in the Great Metropolitan yesterday and Cigar in the City and Suburban to-day, was injured yesterday morning through being thrown from Spring Thyme while riding at exercise. The death is reported from Manchester of Mr. Fred Pundell, who was a member of Part's All-England cricket eleven and the Lancashire team. He was eighty-one years of age.

"Folks say I'm 'sad,'
I'm really glad,
Sad Iron cried with glee.
"Although I'm 'flat,'
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has polished me."

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Cleanser—makes all clean-
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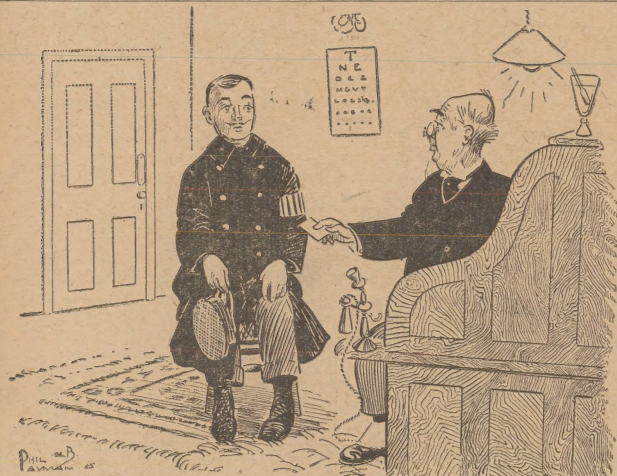
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Doctor: "Your complaint is caused entirely by getting your feet wet day after day. Follow this prescription, but, what is even more important, have your boots made waterproof with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Not only doing the uppers, but brushing it well into the soles."

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WORK LINE at wholesale prices; "Kompromit" (regulation) and "Purpureum" (extra) sizes in proportion—Write Desk 5 for coloured design booklets and price lists—Woolfenden & Co., Ltd., 8, Birkenhead Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire (phone Tottenham 1633). De-

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Mr. Asquith's Stirring Call to British Workers at Newcastle

The Daily Mirror

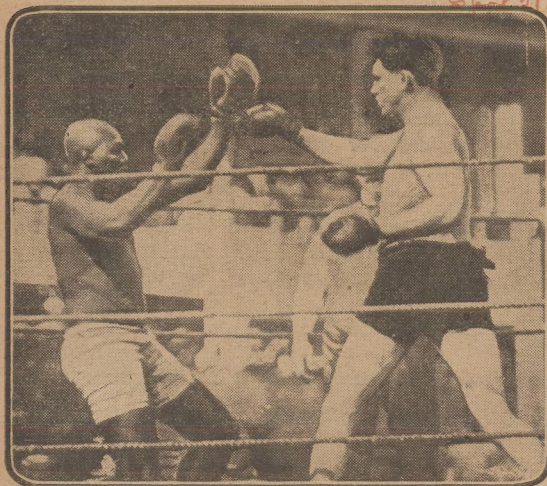
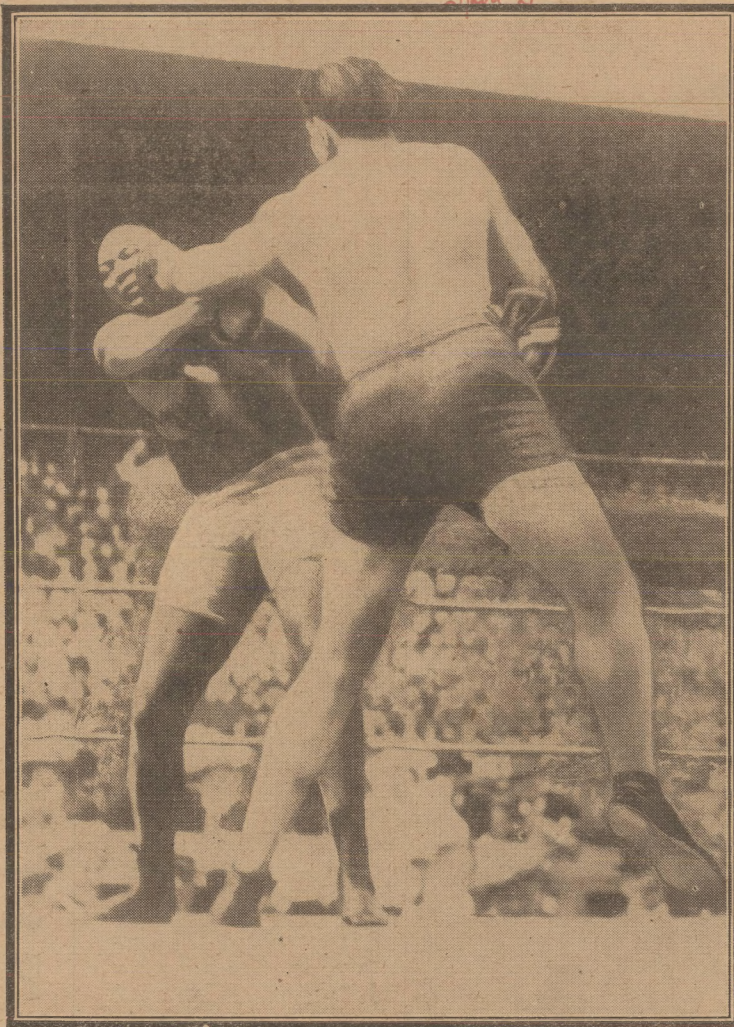
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DEFEAT OF THE COLOURED CHAMPION: JACK JOHNSON KNOCKED OUT BY WILLARD. Sept 21



Johnson is a tall man, but Willard towered above him. Sept 21



Willard had tired out his opponent by the twenty-ninth round. Sept 21

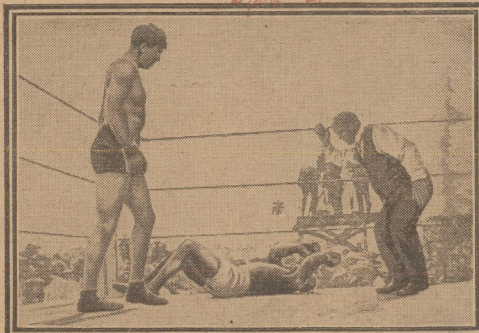
Johnson had to take a great deal more punishment than he is accustomed to do. Sept 21



Lifting up the prostrate Johnson after the knock-out.



Willard's smile of victory.



Johnson is knocked out and thus loses his title.

Willard, the giant Kansas cowboy, knocked out Jack Johnson in the twenty-sixth round of their contest at Havana, and thus regained the title of world's heavy-weight boxing champion for a white man. The crowd jeered at Johnson the whole time and, when it

was all over, they rushed headlong into the ring to congratulate the winner. The authorities had prepared for possible disturbances and 300 Cuban soldiers, with fixed bayonets and revolvers, were in attendance.